

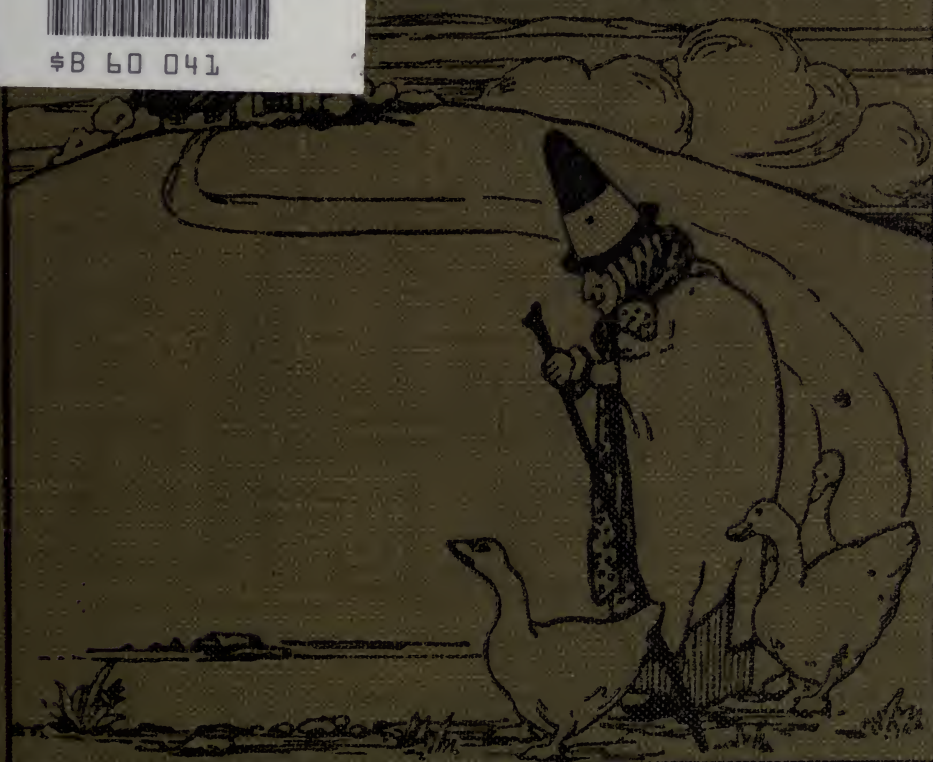
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# THE HALIBURTON FIRST READER

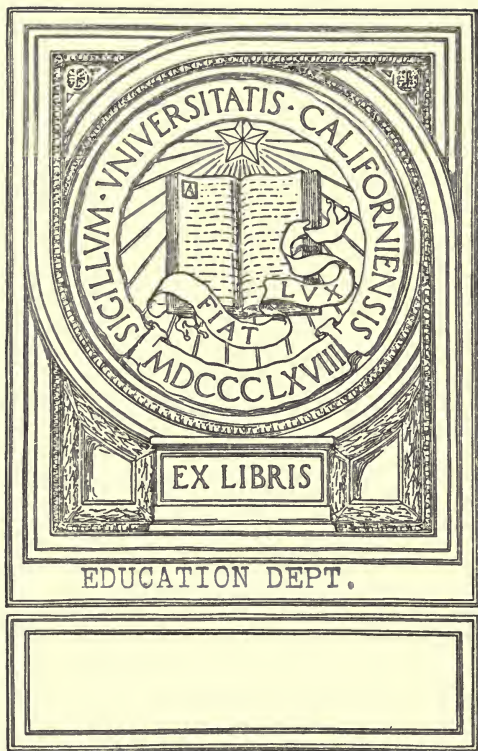
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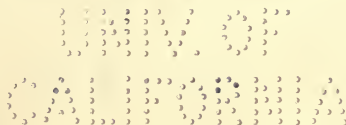
# THE HALIBURTON FIRST READER

*margaret m. m. m.* BY  
M. W. HALIBURTON



D. C. HEATH & COMPANY  
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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Educ.  
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# EDUCATION DEPT. STORY GROUPS

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In the story groups will be found brief selections from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mary Mapes Dodge, Robert Loveman, George Macdonald, Christina Rossetti, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson and Celia Thaxter.

For kind permission to use "Farewell to the Farm" the author and publishers are indebted to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons; and for "It is not Raining Rain to Me" to Mr. Robert Loveman. The copyrighted poems "Spring" by Celia Thaxter, and "Pleasanter than All" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, are reprinted by permission of the Houghton Mifflin Co.

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### SOME LITTLE GIRLS WE KNOW

Here are Grace and Alice.

Their little sister is with them.

Do you know their little sister's name ?

Her name is Betty.

Betty says she is not a baby now.

The little girls came here to play.

came

game

same

frame

name

dame

tame

shame

# THE BIRD SWING

Grace was jumping a rope by the wall.  
 She saw a bird's nest in the oak tree.  
 Alice said, "I will get up  
           on the wall, Grace.  
 Then I can see what is in the nest.  
 The nest is like a little swing.  
 I hope some dear baby birds are in it.  
 I hope I can see the dear little birds.  
 I see the mother bird in the tree.  
 I hope she will sing to us  
           about the bird swing.  
 Sing, mother bird, sing!  
 Sing a little song to me."

hope	pope	cope	lope
rope	mope	tope	slope

SING A SONG FOR ME

Little birdie in the tree,  
In the tree, in the tree,  
Little birdie in the tree,  
Sing a song for me.

Sing about the red, red rose  
On the wall, on the wall.  
Sing about the bird swing  
In the tree-top tall.

Little birdie in the tree,  
In the tree, in the tree,  
Little birdie in the tree,  
Sing a song for me.

rose

nose

close

chose





## THE CHILDREN'S HOME

Here is the children's home.

The children are happy in the old home.

Here are Father and Mother.

What are they doing?

Do you see Frank and Max?

Which boy has the ball?

Which boy has the bat?

Do you see Betty's doll and the kitty?

The kitty's name is Mink.

Do you see the hen and chicks?

The hen's name is Cluck-cluck.

What are Alice and Grace doing?

Alice and Grace go to school.

Betty does not go to school.

Betty is three years old.

which

rich

much

such

## THE OLD OAK

The old oak is tall.  
The bird's nest is on  
the big bough.  
The big bough is high  
up on the old oak.



Alice said, "The nest is just like a swing.  
It is up so high I cannot see into it.  
The birds are happy in their swing.  
The wind will say, 'Rock-a-by, rock-a-by,'  
to the birdies in the tree-top.  
I hope the dear little birdies are safe.  
We must watch the baby birds.  
The wind may make them come  
tumbling down to the ground."

must  
just

dust  
gust

rust  
crust

trust  
thrust

## UP SO HIGH

There's a dear little nest  
In the old oak tree,  
Safe and high, safe and high.

There are three little eggs  
Blue as blue can be,  
Like the sky, like the sky.

There are three baby birds  
In that little nest,  
Up so high, up so high.  
And the wind rocks the bough  
Where they safely rest,  
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by!

nest  
rest

west  
zest

best  
chest

lest  
blest



## THE BIRDS' STORY

We were two happy little birds.  
One day we flew to a tall oak tree.  
A rose vine runs high up on the tree.  
We liked the tall oak  
    and the pretty rose vine.  
We made a nest in the tall tree.  
It hung in the pretty rose vine.  
By and by, there were three baby birds  
    in the nest.  
Then sweet songs were sung  
    where the nest hung.  
They were sung to the baby birds.  
One day we flew away to find something  
    for the birdies to eat.  
We came back to the tall tree.  
There hung the nest. But the birdies  
    were gone.



## THE GREEN TREE

1. To a green tree  
    A briar rose clung.                      clung  
In that green tree  
    Our nest we hung.                      hung
2. By breezes free  
    Our nest was swung.                      swung  
To birdies three  
    Sweet songs were sung.                      sung
3. When the green trees  
    Their shadows flung,                      flung  
On the soft breeze  
    Glad notes had rung.                      rung

M. S. WILLIS.



4. Sad now search we.... The leaves a - mong.



From the green tree... Gone are the young.



### SOME BABY BIRDS

Frank, did you and Max see the nest  
in the rose vine?

Yes. It is such a fine home for birdies.  
But the baby birds are gone, Frank.  
The father and mother birds  
are looking for them.

I hope they will find their baby birds.  
Max found a lark's nest on the ground.  
It is such a cunning nest, Alice.  
I hope the baby larks are not gone.

vine	mine	dine	thine
fine	nine	pine	shine

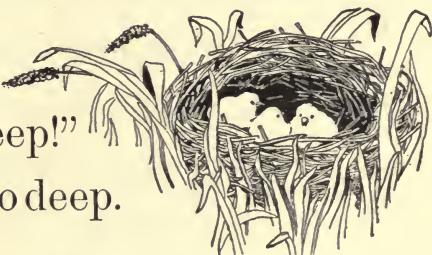
## THE MEADOW LARKS

Up, up in the sky  
The meadow larks fly,  
Up in the air so high.



Down, down on the ground  
Is a meadow lark found,  
Down in a nest so round.

As they go to sleep,  
The birdies say, "Peep!"  
Down in the grass so deep.



round  
ground  
wound  
found

sound  
hound  
bound  
pound

around  
aground  
abound  
abounds

## A HAPPY DAY

It is the spring time. The sky is blue.  
The birds fly through the sweet air.  
They sing in the tree tops.  
The bees hum through the orchard.  
The lambs run and jump in the clover.  
The children sing and play with the lambs.  
Betty and Alice have pet lambs.  
Do you see the flowers on Alice's lamb?  
Alice likes to put flowers  
    on the lamb's neck.  
She says, "See the flowers I have, Grace.  
Let us put them on my lamb's neck.  
Come here, Betty, we will put  
    some flowers on your pet's neck."

neck  
deck

peck  
speck

beck  
check

fleck  
wreck



### SPRING

The little birds fly over,  
And oh, how sweet they sing!  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis spring.

Here blooms the sweet red clover.  
There peeps the violet blue.  
Oh, happy little children,  
God made them all for you.

—*Celia Thaxter*





### MAKING HAY

It's summer, the meadow grass is green.  
Father has come to mow

the green meadow grass.

"Let me help you, Father," says Frank.

Father says, "Thank you, my boy.

I like to have you help me."

thank

Frank

bank

sank

## GOING A-MOWING

Max was going to see Father mow.  
He says it is fun to see Father mow.  
The little girls were swinging  
in the orchard.

They saw Max going to the meadow.  
He said, "Come and go with me, Alice."

Then Alice sang,  
"Little boy, little boy,  
where are you going?  
I will go with you, if I may."

Max sang,  
"I'm going to the meadow  
to see them a-mowing.  
I'm going to help them cut the hay."

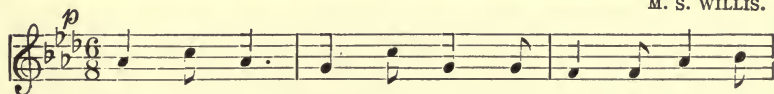
hay	day	gay	stay
may	say	play	gray

## A SUMMER NIGHT

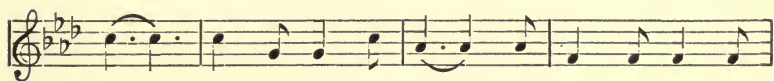
It is a beautiful summer night.  
The air is sweet with clover blooms.  
The bright stars shine in the sky.  
The birds in the tree tops are asleep.  
So are the larks in the meadow.  
The baby larks are asleep  
    in the deep grass.  
The mother lark is on the pretty nest.  
The lambs are asleep in the clover.  
The mother sheep are at rest with them.  
The bright stars peep down at the larks  
    in the deep grass.  
They peep down at the sleeping lambs.  
There is a song about the summer night.  
It tells about the larks and the lambs.  
It tells about the beautiful bright stars.



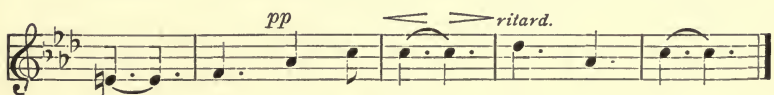
M. S. WILLIS.



1. Peep, peep, peep! Bright stars, peep! Be - hind the hills so



steep, In the clo - ver deep, The lambs and mother



sheep Are all a - sleep, All a - sleep.



ALL ASLEEP

1. Peep, peep, peep!

Bright stars, peep!	peep
Behind the hills so steep,	steep
In the clover deep,	deep
The lambs and mother sheep	sheep
Are all asleep,	sleep
All asleep.	

2. Sleep, sleep, sleep!

Birdies, sleep!	sleep
Beneath the soft wings creep.	creep
While the night winds sweep,	sweep
The mother bird will keep	keep
Birdies asleep,	sleep
Safe in sleep.	



## LITTLE COUSINS

One day the children found a mouse  
in the meadow.

Alice said, "I saw a mouse just now.  
It is such a pretty little mouse!  
I hope it will come out again."

"It is a field mouse," said Father.

"It lives here in the fields and meadows.  
It is a cousin to the rats and mice  
that live in the house.

Another mouse cousin lives in the woods.  
I caught one once. It had a nest  
in the top of a tree.

It sang something like a bird."

Then Father told the children stories.

One story was about the mouse cousins.

mouse            house            grouse            souse

## THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

A little mouse lived in a town.  
One day he went to see the field mouse.  
Such fine fun

as the little mice had!

The field mouse said,

“We must have some-  
thing to eat soon.

I hope you like

wheat and corn, Cousin.”

“Are wheat and corn all you have?”  
said the town mouse.

“Yes,” said the field mouse. “I eat  
wheat and corn year after year.”

“Come with me,” said the town mouse.

“I will give you something good to eat.”



field

yield

shield

wield

## II

The field mouse was glad to go home  
with his cousin.

So away the two mice went to town.

Soon they came safely to a fine house.

"This is my home," said the town mouse.

"Now I will show you the things I eat."

So they stole into the house, and oh,  
such good things as they saw!

There were sweet cakes and buns.

There were oranges and apples.

There was pudding, and some meat.

"This is fine!" cried the field mouse.

"Just look at that meat! I do like meat!

I shall not live in the fields again."

meat	heat	beat	treat
seat	wheat	neat	bleat

### III

The mice fell to eating meat at once.  
A boy with a dog came into the room.  
“There is Jack with the dog! Run!”  
cried the town mouse.

You should have seen the two mice run!  
The dog went after them with a growl.  
But the mice got to the hole safe.  
Then the boy and the dog went out.  
Soon the mice ran into the room again.  
Just then a girl came in with the broom.  
She struck at the mice with the broom.  
“There is Jill with the broom!  
Run! Hide!”

cried the town mouse.

room   groom   loom   gloom  
broom boom   bloom doom





#### IV

When the girl with the broom had gone  
the mice stole back again.

The boy stole back into the room, too.  
This time he had a black cat with him.  
The town mouse cried, "There's the cat!  
Jump! Run! Hide!"

Soon the mice were safe in the hole.  
Then the field mouse said, "Good-by.  
I'm going where corn and wheat grow.  
To be sure I have not much to eat.  
But I'm safe there. Good-by, Cousin."

hole                  stole                  pole                  whole





### LAMBIKIN

Here is a story that Father told.  
Lambikin was a wee happy lamb.  
One day Lambikin said,  
“I’m going to the other side of the hill.  
I’m going to see my granny!”  
So he went hopping, jumping  
and dancing along.

Soon Lambikin saw a fox.  
The fox said with a growl,  
“Lambikin! Lambikin! I’ll eat you!”

long	way	sleep	side
along	away	asleep	aside

## II

Lambikin looked back and said,

“Don’t eat Lambikin

Till he goes to Grannikin.

Then very fat he’ll grow,

And you can eat him so.”

The fox liked fat lambs, and said,

“Well, go on to your granny’s house.

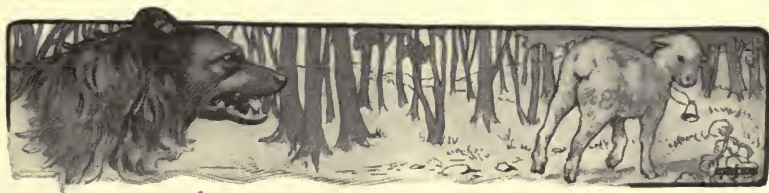
But be sure to come back this way.”

Away went Lambikin, hopping, jumping  
and dancing along.

Soon Lambikin saw a wolf.

The wolf said with a howl,

“Lambikin ! Lambikin ! I’ll eat you !”



### III

Lambikin looked back and said,

“Don’t eat Lambikin

Till he goes to Grannikin.

Then very fat he’ll grow,

And you can eat him so.”

The wolf liked fat lambs,

So he said with a howl,

“Well, go on to your granny’s house.

But be sure to come back this way.”

Away went Lambikin, hopping, jumping  
and dancing along.

Soon Lambikin met a lion.

The lion said with a roar,

“Lambikin! Lambikin! I’ll eat you!”

howl

cowl

prowl

fowl

growl

scowl

jowl

owl



#### IV

Lambikin looked back and said,

“Don’t eat Lambikin

Till he goes to Grannikin.

Then very fat he’ll grow,

And you can eat him so.”

The lion liked fat lambs.

So he said with another roar,

“Well, go on to your granny’s house,  
but be sure to come back this way.”

Away went Lambikin, hopping, jumping  
and dancing along.

At last he came to kind old Granny’s house.

Lambikin called, "I'm here, Grannikin!  
 I've come to eat grass and grow fat."  
 And then you should have seen him eat!  
 At last Granny said, "Lambikin, my pet,  
     you are as fat as you can be.  
 You must go home to-morrow."  
 Then Lambikin said, "What shall I do?  
 The fox, the wolf and the lion  
     like just such fat lambs as I am.  
 They will be sure to eat me to-morrow."  
 "No, no," said kind old Granny.  
 "You shall go in a sheep skin drum."  
 So Granny made a drum of sheep skin.  
 She put Lambikin in the sheep skin drum  
     and said, "Now roll away, my pet."

call              called              roll              rolled



Lambikin went rolling along  
and met the lion.

The lion could not see Lambikin.

So he roared, "Drumikin! Drumikin!  
Have you seen Lambikin?"

Lambikin called out,  
"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.  
On, little Drumikin! Tum-tum-too!"

"The woods must be on fire,"  
said the lion with a roar.

Away he ran as fast as he could go.

Lambikin went rolling along  
and met the wolf.

The wolf could not see Lambikin.

So he said with a howl,  
"Drumikin! Drumikin!  
Have you seen Lambikin?"

VII

Lambikin called out,

“ Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little Drumikin ! Tum-tum-too !”

“ The woods are on fire,” said the wolf.

Away he ran as fast as he could go.

Lambikin went rolling along

and met the fox.

The fox could not see Lambikin.

So he growled, “ Drumikin ! Drumikin !

Have you seen Lambikin ?”

Lambikin called out,

“ Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

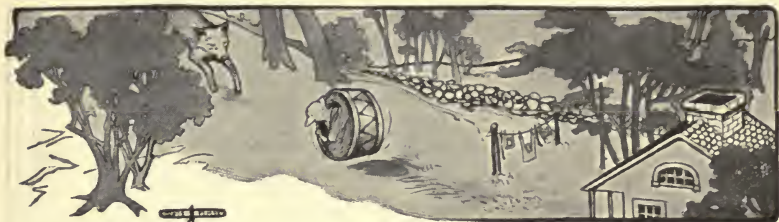
On, little Drumikin ! Tum-tum-too !”

“ Lambikin is in that Drumikin

as sure as I’m a fox.

And Drumikin is nothing

but an old sheep skin,” said the fox.



## VIII

“I’ll soon stop your ride, Mr. Lambikin,”  
said the cunning fox.

With a howl he ran after Lambikin  
as fast as he could go.

But the drum was rolling safely along.

Down the side of the hill it went.

The fox could hear Lambikin as he sang,

“I’m in the Drumikin! Tum-tum-too!

I’m safe at home. How do you do?”

side

ride

pride

wide

hide

bride

bide

slide



## IN THE HAYLOFT

Do you see the children in the stable?  
They like this big old stable.  
It is a fine place for play.  
There is a big hayloft in the stable.  
The children like to play in the hayloft.  
They go up to the hayloft by a ladder.  
Little Betty can walk up the ladder.  
Do you see Alice on the ladder?  
Grace and Betty are watching Father  
    from the hayloft.  
He will pitch the hay into the hayloft.  
Frank and Max have had a ride  
    on the hay.  
Now they will run up the ladder and  
    play in the hayloft.

place

lace

Grace

race



## IN THE GARDEN

The girls are in the garden.

There are beautiful flowers in the garden.

There are red and white flowers.

There are red roses and rosebuds.

There are no bright yellow daffodils.

There are beds of blue violets.

Alice is gathering violets for somebody.

She is gathering roses, too.

She is gathering them for Mother.

Betty is looking at the rosebuds.

Grace says, "Look at the rosebuds, Betty.

They will soon bloom into big roses.

Do you know what the rosebuds say?

The wind makes the rosebuds say,

‘How do you do, little girl?’

You must say, ‘How do you do?’”



### THE SWEET RED ROSE

Good-morrow, pretty rosebuds.

I pray you tell me true,  
To be as sweet as the red, red rose,  
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,  
A little girl like you  
Just grows, and grows, and grows,  
and grows.

And that's what she must do.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

## DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Now here is little Daffydowndilly.

Little Daffydowndilly  
is a daffodil.

See Daffydowndilly's  
yellow bonnet.

See her green gown.



Daffydowndilly has  
come up to town,  
In a yellow bonnet  
And a green gown.

now

town

down

frown

how

gown

brown

drown

## LITTLE BETTY BLUE

Betty's bonnet isn't like Daffydowndilly's.  
Betty's bonnet is blue to match her eyes.  
Betty has a blue gown to match her  
blue bonnet.

She has blue shoes, too.  
Father sings to Betty,

"Little Betty Blue  
Lost her little shoe.  
What can little  
Betty do?  
Give her another  
To match the other,  
And then she may  
walk in two."



lost

cost

frost

## THE QUEEN IN THE GARDEN

Alice, let us play Queen in the Garden.  
Betty shall be the queen in the garden.  
The queen has no bonnet.

She must have a crown.

Will the little green vine make a crown?

No, we will make a crown of violets.

Put daffodils on the queen's gown.

Put rosebuds around her neck.

The rosebuds are her diamonds.

Am I the little girl in the garden, Grace?

Yes. You are to say you have been  
gathering flowers for the queen.

You must say that she gave you  
a diamond as big as your shoe.

queen

green

sheen

ween

seen

preen

keen

screen





Grace: Little girl, little girl,  
Where have you been?

Alice: I've been gathering roses  
To give to the queen.

Grace: Little girl, little girl,  
What gave she to you?

Alice: She gave me a diamond  
As big as my shoe.

## RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

The children were watching the rain.  
They said, "We want  
to go to the meadow.  
We want to go  
and play."  
Then they sang,  
"Rain, rain,  
Go away.  
Come again,  
Some other day."



Little children want to play,  
In the meadow on the hay.  
Rain, rain, go to Spain,  
Be sure you don't come back again."

rain

Spain

grain

vain

IT IS NOT RAINING RAIN TO ME

Alice said, "I don't like the rain."

Max said, "I want to see the sun shine."

Mother said, "Don't fret about the rain.

You should sing and not fret.

The rain makes the flowers grow.

We should fret if there were no flowers."

Then mother sang the rain song.

"It is not raining rain to me.

It's raining daffodils.

In every little drop, I see

Field flowers on the hills.

And here is to the happy.

A fig for him who frets.

It is not raining rain to me.

It's raining violets."



### WITH MOTHER GOOSE

Let it rain. We can read and tell stories.

We will read in our story book.

No, get Betty's Mother Goose book.

We will look at the pictures in the book.

Betty likes the Mother Goose pictures.

We will find the pictures for her.

Come, look at your Mother Goose book,  
my little Betty.

We will read the rimes of Mother Goose.

We can read the rimes and play them.

book

look

rook

crook

took

cook

brook

shook



HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK

See the beggars coming to town.  
See the beggars in velvet gowns.  
Some are in rags and tags.  
Hark! How the dogs bark and growl!  
Hark! Hark!

The dogs  
do bark.  
The beggars  
are coming  
to town.  
Some in rags,  
Some in tags,  
And some in  
velvet gowns.



hark	lark	rags	flags
bark	dark	tags	bags





### LITTLE BOY BLUE

Let us play Boy Blue. Max is Boy Blue.

Here is your horn, Max.

Alice, you must wake Boy Blue.

You must say, "Where is the little boy?"

Then Frank must say,

"He's under the haystack fast asleep."

The broom and this chair will make  
a fine haystack.

horn

born

thorn

for

corn

lorn

morn

nor

## II

Alice: Little Boy Blue,  
Come blow your horn.  
The sheep are in the meadow.  
The cows are in the corn.  
Where's the boy who looks  
after the sheep?

Frank: He's under the haystack  
fast asleep.

Alice: Will you wake him?

Frank: Oh, no, not I,  
For if I do, he is sure to cry.



## PUSSY-CAT AND THE QUEEN

Now let us play Pussy-Cat and the Queen.  
Max and Grace must say the rime.  
Grace is Pussy-Cat. She will answer Max.  
Betty is the frightened mouse. She  
must run when Grace jumps at her.  
Alice is the Queen this time.



Max: Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat,  
Where have you been?

Grace: I've been to London  
To see the Queen.

Max: Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat,  
What did you there?

Grace: I frightened a little mouse  
under the chair.

time	dime	chime	clime
rime	prime	lime	slime

## COMING FROM TOWN

Pussy-Cat went to London to buy a hat.  
Now she is coming back from London.  
Her three kittens went with her.

They went to London to buy mittens.

Let us play "Coming from Town."

I am Mrs. Pussy-Cat, you know.

Yes, Grace, and you have a straw hat.

In the picture, Mrs. Pussy has on  
a big straw hat.

Max, Betty and Alice  
are the three kittens.

Your hands are your paws, Betty.

You must have mittens on your paws.

Frank must say to me, "Where  
have you been, Mrs. Pussy-Cat?"

He must say to Max, Betty and Alice,  
"Where have you been, little kittens?"

Frank: Where have you  
been,  
Mrs. Pussy-Cat?

Grace: I've been to London  
to buy me a hat.

Frank: What! a hat  
for a cat?  
Who ever did see  
A cat in a hat?



Frank: Where have you been,  
My little kittens?

The Others: We've been to  
London  
To buy us some  
mittens.



Frank: What! mittens  
for kittens?  
Who ever did see  
Kittens in mittens?



## THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

The three little kittens lost their mittens.

Frank may tell what the kittens did.

Alice, Max and Betty are the kittens.

They must say what the bad kittens did.

Alice, write down what the kittens say.

Tell Betty how to say it.

The three kittens must show their paws  
without the mittens they had at first.

They cry about their mittens.

When they find their mittens  
they jump and dance.

I am Mrs. Pussy-Cat, you know.

What shall we have for a pie?

You know Mrs. Pussy made a pie.

Take this pan for the pie, Alice.

pie

tie

die

lie

## II

Frank: The three little kittens  
Lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry.

The Others: Oh, Mother dear,  
We very much fear  
That we have lost our mittens.

Grace: What! Lost your mittens?  
You bad, bad kittens!  
Then you shall have no pie.

The Others: Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

Grace: No, you shall have no pie!

The Others: Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!



### III

Frank: The three little kittens  
Found their mittens,  
And they began to cry,

The Others: Oh, Mother dear,  
See here, see here!  
See, we have found our mittens.

Grace: What! Found your mittens?  
You dear, dear kittens!  
Then you shall have some pie!

The Others: Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!  
Oh, let us have the pie!  
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!



## THE GINGERBREAD BOY

One day it was raining, and Grace said,  
“Let us read about the Gingerbread Boy.”

Once there was a little old woman  
and a little old man.

They lived in a little old house  
by the wood.

They had a little old kettle  
and a little old pan.

They had a little old dog  
whose name was Dan.

They had a little old cow  
whose name was Fan.

And they were very, very kind  
to their pets.

kind	mind	blind	find
bind	hind	rind	wind

## II

One day the little old woman was making  
some gingerbread.

She said, "I wish we had a little boy  
to eat this gingerbread."

"I wish we had a little boy, too,"  
said the little old man.

"I could love a little boy very much."

"I'll cut this cake to look like a boy,"  
said the little old woman.

So the little old woman cut a cake  
to look like a boy.

She said, "I'll put the cake  
in the little old pan to bake.

When it is done, I'll take it up  
in the little old dish."

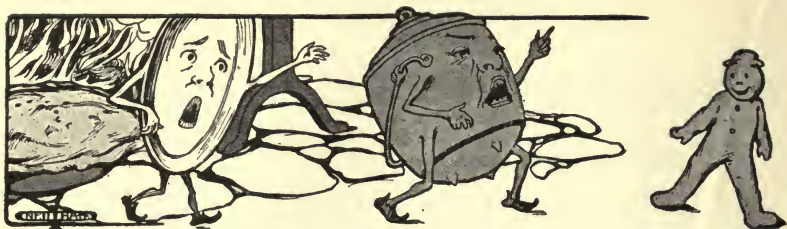
dish

fish

wish

swish





### III

The little old woman put the cake  
into the pan to bake.

When it was done, she said,

“The cake is done.

I’ll take it up in the little old dish.”

But the Gingerbread Boy made a jump  
in the air and over the dish.

Then he went rolling away.

The little old kettle ran after him.

So did the little old pan.

Then the little old woman ran after him.

So did the little old man.

But they never could catch him.



IV

The Gingerbread Boy ran by  
the little old dog whose name was Dan.  
He cried out to the dog, "I've run away  
from the little old kettle  
and the little old pan,  
the little old woman  
and the little old man.

I can run away from you, too-oo!

I can, and I can."

Then the dog ran after him,  
but he never could catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy ran by  
the little old cow whose name was Fan.

The Gingerbread Boy cried out to the cow,

“I’ve run away

from the little old kettle

and the little old pan,

the little old woman

and the little old man,

and the little old dog

whose name is Dan.

I can run away from you, too-oo!

I can, and I can.”

Then the cow ran after him,

but she never could catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.

At last he came to the dark wood.

There he saw a poor little boy crying.

The poor little boy had no home,

and he had nothing to eat.

The Gingerbread Boy cried,

“I’ve run away  
from the little old kettle  
and the little old pan,  
the little old woman  
and the little old man,  
the little old dog  
whose name is Dan,  
and the little old cow  
whose name is Fan.

I can run away from you, too-oo!

And I will if you don’t eat me.

Eat me as quick as you can.”

The little boy said, “Thank you, I will.”

Soon the Gingerbread Boy said,

“I’m going! I’m half gone!

I’m all gone.” And so he was.



Up came the little old woman  
and the little old man.

With the little old kettle  
came the little old pan.

With the little old dog,  
whose name was Dan,  
came the little old cow,  
whose name was Fan.

They all said at once,  
“Have you seen the Gingerbread Boy?”  
“Yes,” said the little boy, “he told me  
to eat him.”

“Poor little boy!” they all said at once.

“Come along with us and be our boy.”

“I should like that!” said the little boy.

So they all went back to live  
in the little old house by the dark wood.



## THE PIG WITH A CURLY TAIL

A pig with a curly tail  
lived in a rail pen.  
One rainy day he said,  
“I don’t like to live  
in a rail pen that leaks.



I’m going to the woods to build me  
a house that will never leak.”  
On his way to the woods he met a rabbit.  
“Good morning, Rabbit,” said the pig.  
“Good morning, Pig,” said the rabbit.  
“Where are you going this rainy day?”  
“I’m going to the woods to build me  
a house that will never leak.  
I don’t like to live in a rail pen,”  
said the pig with the curly tail.

tail

rail

trail

wail

The rabbit said,

“May I go with you?”

“Can you help build



my house?” said the pig.

“I fear you can not do much but hop.”

“I have very sharp teeth,” said the rabbit.

“I can cut down the trees

with my sharp teeth.”

“Well, come along with me,” said the pig.

On their way they met a duck.

“Good morning, Duck,” said the pig.

“Good morning, Pig,” said the duck.

“Where are you going this rainy day?”

“I’m going to the woods to build me  
a house that will never leak.

I don’t like to live in a rail pen,”

said the pig with the curly tail.

### III

The duck said,  
"May I go  
with you?"



"What can you do  
to help build my house?" said the pig.  
"I fear you can not do much but quack."  
"You will want plaster," said the duck.  
"I can make plaster and carry it."  
"Well, come along with me," said the pig.  
"I'll take you to make plaster for me."  
On their way they met a rooster.  
"Good morning, Rooster," said the pig.  
"Good morning, Pig," said the rooster.  
"Where are you going this rainy day?"  
"I'm going to the woods to build me  
a house that will never leak,"  
said the pig with the curly tail.

# IV



The rooster said,  
 "May I go with you?"  
 "What can you do  
 to help?" said the pig.  
 "Well," said the rooster,  
 "I can sing so that  
 all the world can hear.

I will sing with all my might  
 and wake you every day in the year."  
 "Well, come along with me," said the pig.  
 "I'll take you to sing and wake us."  
 So they all went on to the woods.  
 There they soon made a house  
 that will never leak.

hear	year	near	clear
fear	dear	tear	rear

## COCK-A-DOODLE

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has lost her shoe.  
My master's lost his fiddling stick,  
And knows not what to do.  
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

What is my dame to do?  
Till master finds his fiddling stick,  
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has found her shoe,  
And master's found his fiddling stick.  
Sing Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
My dame will dance with you,  
While master fiddles his fiddling stick  
For dame and doodle-doo!





## THE RAINBOW

Look at the beautiful rainbow in the sky.  
It is raining while the sun shines.  
The sun shines through the clouds.  
It shines on the drops of rain.  
The sun and the rain make the rainbow.  
Don't you think the rainbow  
    looks like a bridge?  
You shall hear the story  
    of the Beautiful Bridge.

## THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE

Once a king had a beautiful daughter  
whose name was Iris.

The king lived with Iris in the sky.

Iris had a beautiful queen mother.

She did not live in the sky.

She lived on the top of a high mountain.

The king and the queen met  
on the high mountain.

There they made beautiful things  
from the clouds.

They made them for Iris.

They made them of the beautiful colors  
that Iris loved.

The colors were red, orange, yellow,  
green, blue and violet.

They are the colors that you see  
in the rainbow.

## II

The king and queen made a beautiful  
bridge for their daughter Iris.

It was made of orange and violet  
and the other colors that Iris loved.

Iris went up and down over her bridge.

The bridge was so made that Iris  
could drop it to the mountains.

She could lift it again to the sky.

It was said that Iris once hid  
a pot of gold.

She hid it at the foot of her bridge.

Shouldn't you like to find it?

Do you think you could find the foot  
of the bridge?

Have you ever seen the beautiful bridge?

bridge

ridge

midge

IN THE SKY

I see some sheep that are  
white, white, white.

I see a horn that is  
bright, bright, bright.

I see a meadow that is  
blue, blue, blue.

And what I tell you is  
true, true, true.

Can you answer this riddle?

The answer to the riddle is in the sky.

The sheep so white are the clouds.

The horn so bright is the moon.

The meadow so blue is the sky.

true

blue

flue

glue

## THE FIRST STAR

Have you seen the sunset sky ?  
The colors are orange and gold at first.  
Have you seen the rosy clouds  
grow more and more rosy ?  
Do you watch for the first star  
in the sunset sky?  
Do you ever make a wish when you see  
the first star after sunset ?  
Here is a pretty rime to say when  
you see the first sunset star.

Star light, star bright,  
The first star I've seen to-night,  
I wish I may, I wish I might  
Have the wish I wish to-night.

light	might	right	fright
night	fight	bright	knight





TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the great round sun is set,  
When the grass with dew is wet,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

## A BONNY BOAT

I wonder who can answer this riddle.  
It is about a silver boat that is afloat.  
I think you can answer this riddle.



One, two, three,  
A bonny boat I see,  
A silver boat,  
And it's afloat  
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three,  
I'll answer it for thee.  
The moon afloat  
Is the bonny boat.  
The sunset is the sea.

boat

float

coat

goat



### A GOLDEN DAY

Mother and the children are in the wood.  
They will rest by the little brook  
and tell stories.

The trees are bright red  
and golden yellow.

Mother says it is a golden day.

Grace says, "See the leaves falling  
on the brook.

The beautiful yellow leaves  
are like golden boats afloat."

gold	wood	bright	fall
golden	wooden	brighten	fallen

## THE BROOK

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"

Said Mary one day,  
To a bright happy brook  
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!

I wish you would stay,  
My boat and my flowers  
You will carry away.

But I will run after,  
Mother says that I may;  
For I would know where  
You are running away."

So Mary ran on,  
But I have heard say  
That she never could find  
Where the brook ran away.

## THE HONEST WOODMAN

A woodman stood chopping the boughs  
from a tall oak tree.

Deep water was at the foot of the tree.  
As the woodman stood chopping, his ax  
fell into the deep water.

He looked into the dark water and cried,  
"Oh, what shall I do?

I have lost my good, sharp ax."

A kind fairy lived in the water.

She came up out of the water.

"Why do you cry, my poor man?"  
said the kind fairy.

"My ax fell into the water,"  
said the poor woodman.

"I can not work without it."

wood            stood            good            hood





## II

"I will get your ax," said the fairy.  
She went down into the dark water  
and came up with a silver ax.

"Here is your ax," said the fairy.  
"That is not my ax," said the man.  
The fairy went down deeper  
into the water.

Soon she came up with an ax of gold.  
"Is this your ax?" said the fairy.  
"No, oh, no!" said the woodman.

### III

The fairy went down still deeper  
into the dark water.

She came up with the woodman's old ax.

"Oh, thank you," said the honest man.

"That is my ax. Now I can work."

"Why would you not take the silver ax  
or the golden ax?" said the fairy.

"The silver ax was not my ax.

Neither was the golden ax my ax,"  
was the honest woodman's answer.

"You are a very honest man,"  
said the fairy.

"Carry the silver ax and the golden ax  
with you. I give them to you."

deep	dark	sharp	old
deeper	darker	sharper	older



## THE THREE BROTHERS

Once a king had a beautiful castle.  
There was not such another castle  
in all the world.

Now a great tree grew near the castle.  
It had stood there for a hundred years.  
It had more than a hundred boughs.  
This made the castle very dark.

The king said, "This great tree  
must be cut down before long."

Now there was no spring near the castle.  
So the king said, "I must have  
a deep well near my castle.

I have to send a long way for water."  
But no one could dig the deep well, or  
cut down the great tree.

grew

threw

drew

crew



Every day the king stood before the door  
of his castle and cried,

“Is there no man of my kingdom  
who can cut down the great tree?

Is there no man of my kingdom  
who can dig the deep well?

I will give the half of my kingdom  
to the man who will do this.

The half of my kingdom, I will give!”

Now there were three brothers

who had heard what the king said.

So they set out to go to the king’s castle.

As they were going through the forest,  
they heard a chopping noise.

“Do you hear that chopping noise?”  
said the youngest brother.

“I wonder what it can be,” said he.



### III

“Did you never before hear a woodman at work?” said the oldest brother.

“Yes,” said the youngest brother.

“But I should like to know what it is that I hear now. I’m going to see.”

Far away in the forest he found an ax. It was chopping down a tree.

“Good morning, Ax,” he said.

“Why are you here all by yourself?”

“I’ve been chopping at this place for more than a hundred years.

I am waiting for you,” said the ax.

“Well, here I am to carry you with me,” said the youngest brother.

old	great	deep	dark
oldest	greatest	deepest	darkest

The youngest brother took the ax,  
and then he ran after the others.

As they were passing a mountain,  
they heard something picking.

"Do you hear that picking noise?"  
said the youngest brother.

"I wonder what it is."

"Did you never hear men digging  
before?" said the second brother.

"Yes, I have heard men digging,"  
said the youngest brother.

"But I should like to know what it is  
that I hear now. I'm going to see."

Away up the side of the mountain,  
he found a pick digging.

"Good morning, Pick," he said.

"Why are you here all by yourself?"

"I have been digging in this place  
for more than a hundred years.

I am waiting for you," said the pick.

"Well, here I am to carry you with me,"  
said the youngest brother.

He put the pick into his bag.

Then he ran to catch up with the others.

As they were passing along by a stream,  
they sat down near it to rest.

"Look at this stream! I wonder  
where this stream comes from,"  
said the youngest brother.

"Did you never see a stream before?"  
said the oldest brother.

"Yes," said the youngest brother.

"But I am going to see  
where this stream comes from."

## VI

As the youngest brother went up  
the brook he saw a walnut.

A little stream of water ran from a hole  
in the side of the walnut.

“Good morning, Walnut!” he said.

“Why are you here all by yourself?”

“I have been in the moss for more than  
a hundred years,” said the walnut.

“I am waiting for you. Lift me up  
and carry me with you.”

“So I will,” said the youngest brother.

“I shall stop this hole with moss.”

He put some moss into the hole.

Then he put the walnut into his bag,  
and ran to catch up with the others.

moss

toss

cross

loss

## VII

Then the brothers came to the castle.  
The king was crying, "The half of  
my kingdom! Who will cut down  
the great tree and dig the well?"

More than a hundred men had tried.  
The oldest brother said, "I will try."  
So the oldest brother tried to cut down  
the great tree.

Then the second brother tried,  
but neither of them could do it.

The more they cut, the more  
the tree grew.

The king said, "The youngest brother  
has not tried. Let him try."

try	cry	spy	shy
tried	cried	spied	shied



## VIII

Then the youngest brother took the ax  
from his bag.

"Cut for yourself, my Ax," he said.

Without a word, the ax began chopping.  
Soon the great oak dropped to the ground.

Then he took his pick from the bag.

"Dig for yourself, my Pick," he said.

Without a word, the pick began digging.  
Soon there was a deep hole in the ground.

Then he took the moss from the walnut.

He let the walnut fall into

the deep hole in the ground.

"Run, Water, run," he said, and a stream  
of water ran from the walnut.

Soon the hole was a deep well of water.  
So the king gave the half of his kingdom  
to the youngest brother.

## A GREAT RIME

If all the seas were one sea,  
What a great sea that would be!  
If all the trees were one tree,  
What a great tree that would be!  
If all the axes were one ax,  
What a great ax that would be!  
If all the men were one man,  
What a great man that would be!  
And if the great man took  
    the great ax,  
And cut down the great tree,  
And let it fall into the great sea,  
What a great splash that would be!

lash	flash	rash	dash
splash	crash	mash	sash
splashes	crashes	mashes	sashes



### GATHERING NUTS

The children are gathering nuts.  
They are gathering nuts for the winter.  
The dead leaves are flying from the trees.  
But the nuts still hang on the trees.  
The children say, "Winter is coming.

It will soon be here.  
The birds are flying away.  
They are going far away.  
They are going where there is no winter.  
But we children love winter time."

GOOD-BY TO THE BIRDS

Good-by, little birdies.

Fly through the sky,  
Singing and singing  
A merry good-by.

Tell all the birdies  
Flying above,  
We in our garden  
Send them our love.

We'd like to go with you  
If we could fly.  
It must be so beautiful  
Up in the sky.

sky  
skies

fly  
flies

try  
tries

spy  
spies



### WINTER FUN

It is a snowy winter day.  
The children are having fun in the snow.  
They are catching the big white flakes.  
The flakes look like tiny white feathers.  
They fall thicker and thicker.  
Frank says, "I don't like a rainy day.  
But I do like a snowy day like this."

snow

wind

air

rain

snowy

windy

airy

rainy



The short winter days are full of fun.  
 The children like to be out in the snow.  
 They have fine rides down the sides  
     of the hills and on the pond.  
 Father takes them for sleigh rides, too.  
 They have fun in the long winter nights.  
 They roast apples and toast nuts.  
 They sing, "Roast, Apples, roast!  
     Toast, Nuts, toast!"  
 They tell stories and answer riddles.  
 They play games and sing songs.  
 The children say that winter is pleasanter  
     than spring or summer or fall.  
 They say that winter nights are  
     pleasantest of all.

toast

roast

coast

boast

## A WINTER NIGHT



"FIVE SPRITES IN A ROW"

## A WINTER NIGHT—A SONG

1. Her silvery bow, bow  
The new moon hangs low. low  
Above the white snow, snow  
Stars glitter and glow. glow
2. The dark waters flow flow  
So silent and slow. slow  
The winter winds blow blow  
And icicles grow. grow
3. The flames blaze and glow glow  
And queer shadows throw, throw  
Then rising, they show show  
Five sprites in a row. row

—M. S. Willis.



1. Her sil - ver - y bow The new moon hangs low.



A - bove the white snow, Stars glit - ter and glow.

## MATCHING RIMES

Did you see the children by the fire?

They were playing a game that

they sometimes play at school.

The game is called "Matching Rimes."

This is the way they play the game.

Some one says, "Match my rime."

Then he gives a short saying.

Every one must try to be the first

to give another short saying.

It must match, or rime, with

the first short saying.

The short saying must be one

that everybody knows.

All who cannot give a short saying

must give words.

The words must match, or rime, with

the last word of the short saying.

## II

This is how the children played  
the game of Matching Rimes.

Frank: As green as grass.

Grace: As smooth as glass.

The others:	grass	mass	pass	class
	glass	bass	lass	brass

Alice: As bright as a star.

Max: As black as tar.

The others:	star	bar	far	par
	tar	jar	car	spar

Grace: As still as mice.

Frank: As cold as ice.

The others:	ice	nice	price	dice
	mice	rice	vice	slice



## A TEENY-TINY STORY

On a winter night Betty likes to hear  
the story of the teeny-tiny lady.

Once there was a teeny-tiny lady.

She lived in a teeny-tiny house.

One winter night the teeny-tiny lady  
had been asleep a teeny-tiny while.

All at once she heard a teeny-tiny noise,  
"Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!"

At first she hid her teeny-tiny head.

But she heard the teeny-tiny noise again,  
"Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!"

She jumped out of her teeny-tiny bed.

She took the teeny-tiny candle  
in her teeny-tiny hand.

Then she stole down the teeny-tiny stair.

She looked under her teeny-tiny table.

There was nothing under the table.

## II

She looked under her teeny-tiny chair.  
There was nothing under the chair.  
She went back up her teeny-tiny stair  
    with her teeny-tiny candle.  
She got into her teeny-tiny bed.  
Soon the teeny-tiny lady heard  
    the teeny-tiny noise again.  
She took her teeny-tiny candle.  
She stole down her teeny-tiny stair.  
She looked under her teeny-tiny table.  
Out jumped a teeny-tiny . . . . !  
“A mouse! A mouse! A mouse!”  
    cried the teeny-tiny lady.  
And up her teeny-tiny stair she ran.

chair

stair

fair

hair

pair

air

## BILLY BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

Once there was a boy named Billy.

Every one called him Billy Boy.

Billy was a poor little lad.

He had never had a home.

One day Billy said, "I'm going out  
into the world to find my fortune."

As Billy was passing a barn  
he saw a poor old donkey.

His head was hanging down as he cried,  
"Wee-haw! Wee-haw!"

"What's the matter, old Wee-haw?  
Why hang your head?" said Billy.

"I'll tell you what's the matter,"  
said the poor old donkey.

"My master gives me nothing to eat  
but old wheat straw.

He says I am too old to work."

"Come with me, old Wee-haw," said Billy.

"You may help me work for my fortune.

You shall have sweet hay, not old straw."

So on went Billy Boy and his friend,

the donkey, to find a fortune.

In a little while they met a poor dog.

His head was hanging down as he cried,

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"

"What's the matter, old Bow-wow?

Why do you hang your head?" said Billy.

"My master says I'm too old

to watch and bark at night.

So he never gives me meat to eat,"

said the poor old dog.

"Come with me, old Bow-wow," said Billy.

"Help watch for my fortune and

you shall eat meat every day."

### III

On went Billy and his friends, the donkey  
and the dog, to find the fortune.

After a while they saw a poor cat.

Her head was hanging down as she cried,

“Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!”

“What’s the matter, old Mee-ow mee-ow?

Why do you hang your head?” said Billy.

“My master knows that my teeth are old.

Yet he gives me nothing to eat,”

said the poor old cat.

“While my teeth are not sharp now,

my claws are as sharp as ever.

Still it takes a long time to catch mice.

I should have meat to eat.”

saw

raw

straw

claw

paw

draw

jaw

squaw



"Come with me, old Mee-ow mee-ow,"  
said Billy.

"You may help catch my fortune.  
Then your claws and paws will do all  
that you want them to do."

So on went Billy Boy and his friends.  
After a while they saw a fat rooster.  
He was sitting high up in a tree-top.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the rooster.

"What's the matter, old Cock-a-doodle?  
Why are you singing in the tree-top at  
this time of day?" said Billy.

"My master says I'm to go into the pot.  
I'm to boil, boil, boil, then roast and toast  
till I'm done," said the rooster.

boil

toil

soil

spoil

"Come with me, old Cock-a-doodle.  
You may help me sing for my fortune.  
Then no one shall boil you," said Billy.  
So on went Billy Boy, the donkey,  
the dog, the cat, and the rooster.  
By and by, as they were passing through  
a great dark forest Billy said,  
"Let us rest here, my friends.  
To-morrow we will march into the forest."  
The rooster flew into a tree top.  
"I see a light, friends," he said.  
"Is it the light of the moon?" said Billy.  
"No," said the rooster, "it is not."  
"If it is not the moon, let us go and see  
what it is," said Billy.  
So they went on through the forest.  
Then they saw the light in a little house.

The light came through the window.  
The window was high above the ground.

"I can't see into  
the house," said Billy.

"I'll make a ladder.

Come here, Bow-wow.

You jump on

Wee-haw's back.

Come, Mee-ow mee-ow.

You bounce up

on Bow-wow's back.

Come, Cock-a-doodle.

You fly up on

Mee-ow mee-ow's back.

Tell me what you see,

Cock-a-doodle." Cock-a-doodle said,

"I see some men sitting around a table.

They have gold in a heap on the table."



"The men in the house are robbers,"  
said Billy Boy.

"I think we can drive the robbers away.  
When I say, 'One, two, three,'  
make all the noise you can.

One, two, three!" said Billy.

"Wee-haw! Wee-haw!" said the donkey.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" said the dog.

"Mee-ow! Mee-ow!" said the cat.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the rooster.

Such a noise you never heard.

The frightened robbers jumped and ran  
to the forest with all their might.

Then the friends went into the house.

jump	watch	march	bark
jumped	watched	marched	barked

## VIII

Billy found a bed and went to sleep.  
The cat jumped into a chair by the fire.  
The dog lay down under the table.  
The donkey lay down in some straw  
before the barn door.

The rooster flew to the top of a high tree.  
By and by, one of the robbers came back.  
He stole in by the back door.

In the dark, he ran over the cat's chair.  
The cat jumped up in a rage and  
gave him a scratch in the eyes.

The dog jumped up and bit him.

As he ran by the barn, the donkey  
gave him a kick. Down he went.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the rooster.

her

hers

herd

herds



## IX

The frightened robber jumped up  
and ran with all his might.  
He told the other robbers that he  
would never go back to that house.  
“There’s an old woman there who tried  
to scratch my eyes out,” he said.  
“There’s a man there with a sharp knife.  
He cut me with his knife as I ran.  
A man at the barn had a big stick.  
He gave me a knock, and down I went.  
As I got up to run, a little man cried,  
‘I’ll knock the noodle, too!’”  
So the robbers never went back.  
But Billy Boy and his friends lived there  
safely for a long, long time.

rage

cage

page

sage

## ROBIN'S YULE SONG

Robin Redbreast was hopping about  
in the woods at Yule time.

The Yule time is Christmas time.

In the woods, Robin Redbreast saw  
an old, gray, greedy Pussy-Cat,  
The cat said, "Pray, where are you going,  
Wee Robin?"

Robin said, "I'm going to see the king.  
I'll sing a song to God and the king  
this good Yule morning."

Pussy said, "Come here, Wee Robin.  
I'll show you a bonny white ring  
around my neck."

But Robin Redbreast said, "No, no,  
gray, greedy Pussy.

I saw you catch the wee mouse,  
but you shall not catch me."

So Robin flew away and away.

By and by he came to a wall.

There he saw a gray, greedy hawk.

The hawk said, "Pray, where  
are you going, Wee Robin?"

Robin said, "I'm going to see the king.  
I'll sing a song to God and the king  
this good Yule morning."

The hawk said, "Come here, Wee Robin.  
I'll show you a bonny white feather  
in my wing."

But Robin Redbreast said, "No, no,  
gray, greedy Hawk.

I saw you catch the wee mouse, but  
you shall not catch me."

So Robin flew away, and by and by he  
came to a great heap of rock.

### III

By the great heap of rock, Robin saw  
a gray, greedy fox.

The fox said, "Pray, where are you going,  
Wee Robin?"

Robin said, "I'm going to see the king.  
I'll sing a song to God and the king  
this good Yule morning."

The fox said, "Come here, Wee Robin.  
I'll show you a bonny white spot  
on the tip of my tail."

Robin said, "No, no, gray, greedy Fox.  
I saw you catch the wee lamb,  
but you shall not catch me."

So Robin Redbreast flew away and away.  
He came safely to the king's house.  
He shook his feathers and his wings  
and sat in the king's window.

# IV

Then Robin sang a sweet song to God  
and a merry song to the king.

The king said, "What shall we give Robin  
for singing such a merry song  
this good Yule morning?"

And the queen said, "Let us give him  
the wee Jenny Wren to be his bride."

So Robin Redbreast flew away and away  
to find the wee Jenny Wren.



yule

mule

pule

gule



ROBIN REDBREAST AND JENNY WREN

Robin Redbreast went flying away  
through the wood.

There he saw his friend the sparrow  
with his bow and arrow.

He told the sparrow about his bride,  
the wee Jenny Wren.

The sparrow said, "I will fly away and tell  
all the birds about the wedding."

So the sparrow took his bow and arrow.  
He told all the birds about the wedding  
of Robin and Jenny Wren.

So all the birds came to sing  
at the wedding of Robin Redbreast.

The chickadee came with the little birds.

The owl came with the big birds.

The cuckoo came with the others  
to sing for Robin and Jenny Wren.

Now, no one liked the cuckoo, because  
    he was never kind to other birds.  
He fell into a rage with Jenny, the bride.  
He began to pick out her feathers  
    and pull her pretty wings.  
Robin Redbreast was trembling with  
    rage at the cuckoo.  
His friend, the sparrow, was angry, too.  
So the sparrow let fly his arrow  
    at the cuckoo.  
But the arrow struck poor, poor  
    Robin Redbreast and killed him.  
The birds fell to sighing and sobbing  
    for poor, dead Robin.  
Great was the sobbing of Jenny Wren.  
But no sighing and sobbing  
    was as great as the sparrow's.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin ?

“I,” said the sparrow,  
“With my bow and arrow.  
I killed Cock Robin.”

Who saw him die ?

“I,” said the fly,  
“With my little eye.  
I saw him die.”

Who'll dig his grave?

“I,” said the owl,  
“With my spade and show'l  
I'll dig his grave.”

Who'll toll the bell ?

“I,” said the bull,  
“Because I can pull.  
I'll toll the bell.”



All the birds of the air  
Fell to sighing and sobbing,  
When they heard the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.

pull  
full  
bull

toll  
poll  
boll

roll  
troll  
stroll

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It is the night before Christmas.  
The wind whistles and howls out of doors.  
The flakes of snow fall thicker and thicker.  
The snow grows deeper and deeper.  
Frank heaps on more wood and  
    the fire roars up the chimney-flue.  
Father is making shadow pictures  
    on the wall for Betty.  
Mother is knitting stockings.  
Do you see Grace and Alice working  
    on the Christmas tree?  
Max is peeping up the chimney-flue.  
He says, "Mr. Santa Claus, we will hang  
    up our stockings, to-night."  
Mother says, "Look at the clock, children.  
It's time to hang up your stockings.  
Then we will sing our Christmas songs."



PLEASANTER THAN ALL

Little fairy snowflakes  
Dancing in the flue;  
Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight  
Shadows come and go;  
Merry chimes of sleigh bells  
Tinkle through the snow.

Mother's knitting stockings.  
Pussy's got the ball.  
Don't you think that winter's  
Pleasanter than all?

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

sleigh  
sleighs

neigh  
neighs

weigh  
weighs



Heap on more wood,  
The wind is chill.  
But let it whistle  
As it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas  
Merry still.

—Walter Scott.

## WHEN SPRING COMES AGAIN

The children have been happy all winter.  
Winter has seemed very short to them.  
While it was still winter they said,  
“Winter is pleasanter than all.”

But now they say that the trees and  
the flowers seem to be dead.

Betty says, “Has Jack Frost killed them?”

“No, no, the flowers do not die,”  
says Mother.

“Jack Frost has only put them to sleep.  
They will wake and bloom again  
when the spring comes.”

Then the children say, “We shall be glad  
when spring comes again.”

bloom	kill	seem	snow
bloomed	killed	seemed	snowed

WHEN THE MORNING SHINES

The flower is asleep,  
But it is not dead.  
When the morning shines,  
It will lift up its head.

When the winter comes,  
It will die! No, no!  
It will only hide  
From the frost and snow.

Sure is the summer.  
Sure is the sun.  
The night and the winter,  
Away they run.

—*George Macdonald.*

dead

head

bread

lead



### SPRINGTIME FUN

The children are flying kites.  
They pitch the kites into the air.  
The kites are afloat in the air.  
See how the wind lifts the kites and  
tosses them about.  
Betty cries, "Blow, wind, blow!  
Catch my kite!  
Lift it and make it dance!"  
Kite flying is fun for the spring time.

toss	catch	pitch	dance
tosses	catches	pitches	dances



## THE WIND AND THE SUN

Here is an old story that the children  
like to read.

It is the story of the Wind and the Sun.

Once the Wind said to the Sun,

“You are not so strong as I am.

See how the great trees bow before me.

See how the leaves are trembling.

The trembling leaves know that I broke  
the tree you see on the ground.

You can not make great trees fall  
to the ground.

You can not do this because  
you are not so strong as I am.”

The Sun said, “I can make the trees  
and flowers grow.

You are not so strong as I am, for  
you can not make a tree grow.”

Just then a man came over the hill.

The Sun said, "Let us see who can make  
that man take off his coat."

"Let me try first," said the Wind.

So he blew and blew and blew and blew.

"Whew! How cold that wind is!"  
said the man, holding his coat.

The Wind blew again, but the man  
would not take off his coat.

Then the Sun said, "Now I will try."

So the Sun began to shine down  
on the man with all his might.

"Whew!" said the man. "How hot it is!"  
And then the man took off his coat.

blew

dew

pew

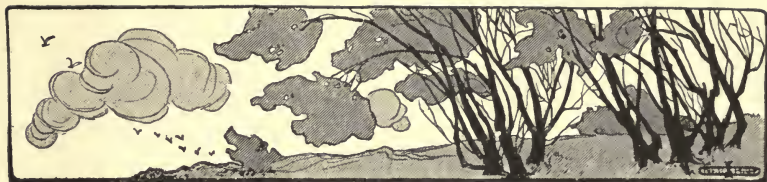
few

flew

new

mew

whew



## THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you,  
But when the leaves hang  
trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I,  
But when the trees bow down  
their heads,  
The wind is passing by.

—Christina Rossetti.

hang	sang	rang	sprang
bang	clang	fang	gang

## BRIAR ROSE

There is a story that Mother tells  
in the happy spring time.

She tells it when the flowers and trees  
are waking from their winter sleep.

It is the story of Briar Rose.

There was once a good king and queen  
who had no children.

Every day the queen would say,  
“I wish we had a little daughter.”

One day the queen sat by a stream.

She heard a noise, “Splash! Splash!”

A frog came out of the water and said,  
“Your wish shall come true.

Before the year has gone by,  
you shall have a little daughter.”

And before the year was over, the queen  
had a little daughter.

The king said, "We must have a feast  
for all the wise men and women."

Now there were six wise women  
in the kingdom.

There was another wise woman  
who had been away for a long time.

She had just come back to the kingdom.

The king had forgotten all about her.

So he had only six gold plates made.

These plates were for the wise women.

The feast day came at last, and  
everybody seemed very happy.

The six wise women came to make  
their gifts to the king's daughter.

six

ox

Max

box

fix

fox

ax

Nox



### III.

The first wise woman said, "This is  
my gift to the princess.

She shall be very sweet and good."

Then one by one the wise women said,  
"The princess shall be very wise."

"The princess shall be very strong."

"The princess shall be very beautiful."

"Every one shall love the princess."

The last wise woman was about to say,  
"The princess shall live a long time."

Just then, in came another wise woman.  
She was the one the king had forgotten.  
No gold plate had been set for her.

This angry wise woman was trembling  
all over with rage.

She said, "What! No gold dish for me?  
Then you shall hear what my gift is."



#### IV

This was the angry wise woman's gift:  
"The princess shall stick a spindle  
    into her hand when she is sixteen.  
Then she shall fall down dead."  
With that, the angry woman went away.  
But one of the wise women had not made  
    her gift to the princess.  
So she said, "Now, I will make my gift.  
I can't do away with all the bad gift  
    of the angry wise woman.  
But the princess shall not die when  
    she is sixteen years old.  
She must stick a spindle into her hand.  
But she will only fall into a deep sleep.  
She will sleep for a hundred years.  
Then a brave and strong prince  
    shall come and wake her."

Then the king said, "Burn the spindles.  
Burn every spindle in the kingdom.  
Let there be no spinning in the kingdom."  
So no more spinning was done  
in that kingdom.

The princess lived in the great castle  
until she was sixteen years old.

One day she came to a dark, narrow stair.  
Everybody had forgotten about the stair.  
The princess went up the narrow stair  
that had been so long forgotten.

At the top she came to a little room.  
There was an old woman there spinning.  
She made the spindle turn and whirl  
round and round.

burn

turn

churn

urn



"Good-day, Mother," said the princess.

"Please tell me what you are doing."

"I am spinning," said the old woman.

"How do you turn this funny thing  
that goes whirl, whirl, whirl?"

As the princess said this, she tried  
to turn the sharp spindle.

The spindle struck her hand and  
she fell upon a bed that stood by.

In one second, the princess and all  
in the castle had fallen asleep.

The horses in the stable and the dogs  
on the lawn fell asleep.

No sound was heard. The birds, the trees  
and the flowers had fallen asleep.

girl

twirl

whirl

whirls



A great hedge of briars grew up  
all around the castle and hid it.  
Every year the great hedge of briars  
grew thicker and thicker.  
The story of the sleeping princess  
was told in other kingdoms far away.  
Sometimes they called her Briar Rose.  
More than one brave prince tried  
to find the sleeping castle.  
But no one could get through the hedge.  
Long years went by. The sleeping princess  
seemed forgotten by every one.  
Only the oldest men ever told the story.  
For a hundred years the princess  
lay sleeping in the old castle.

hedge      wedge      sedge      pledge



## VIII

At last a brave prince, far away,  
heard of the sleeping castle.

He came to find Briar Rose.

The oldest men told him that no one  
could get through the briar hedge.

But the prince would not turn back.

He broke the briars with his hands.

Then snowy flowers bloomed where  
the briars had been.

And the prince came safe to the castle.

He found everything fast asleep.

No wind was blowing. No sound  
was heard in all the castle.

At last the prince came to  
the foot of the narrow stair.

In a room at the top of the stair  
he found Briar Rose fast asleep.

IX

Briar Rose was as sweet and rosy as  
when she first fell asleep.

The prince said, "Wake, dear princess."

She opened her eyes and smiled.

"I've been waiting for you," she said.

Then all the world began to wake.

The king and the queen opened their  
eyes.

The birds began to sing. The wind  
began to blow through the trees.

The sweet flowers began to bloom.

"Come, Briar Rose," said the prince.

And they went down the dark stair  
out into the beautiful world.

"Of all the stories, we like Briar Rose  
the best," said the children.

narrow

arrow

sparrow

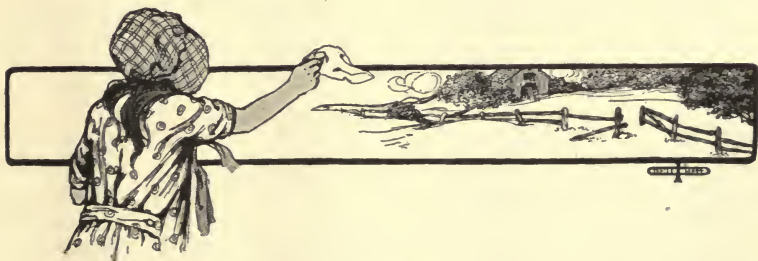


## FAREWELL TO THE FARM

To house and garden, field and lawn,  
The meadow gate we swang upon,  
To pump and stable, tree and swing,  
Good-by, good-by to everything.

And fare you well for ever more,  
O ladder at the hayloft door!  
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling!  
Good-by, good-by to everything.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*





## VOCABULARY

The following list gives all the new words that are to be drilled upon as wholes in the order, by pages, in which they appear. Those pages containing no such new words are here omitted.

- |   |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|
| 1. their<br>Betty<br>girls                          | found<br>larks                             | lived<br>wheat<br>corn                                 | 28. called<br>to-morrow<br>I've<br>roll<br>skin            |
| 2. oak<br>hope<br>dear                              | 11. air<br>round<br>grass<br>deep          | 21. stole<br>oranges<br>meat<br>cried<br>shall         | 29. could<br>Drumikin<br>fallen<br>fire<br>Tum-tum<br>fast |
| 3. birdie<br>rose<br>tree-top<br>for                | 12. neck<br>put                            | 22. seen<br>should<br>growl<br>room<br>broom           | 30. nothing<br>growled                                     |
| 5. happy<br>three<br>years                          | 13. once<br>'tis<br>God                    | 23. grow<br>sure                                       | 33. stable<br>place<br>hayloft<br>ladder<br>from           |
| 6. bough<br>just<br>wind<br>rock-a-by<br>safe       | 14. summer<br>green<br>mow<br>help         | 24. Lambikin<br>side<br>granny<br>along<br>fox<br>I'll | 34. garden<br>rosebuds<br>yellow<br>daffodils<br>gathering |
| 7. blue<br>safely<br>rest                           | 15. sang<br>if<br>I'm                      | 25. Grannikin<br>he'll<br>wolf<br>howl                 | 35. pray<br>true<br>body                                   |
| 8. vine<br>hung<br>sung<br>something<br>eat<br>gone | 16. beautiful<br>stars<br>bright<br>asleep | 26. lion<br>roar<br>roared<br>like                     | 36. Daffy-<br>downdilly<br>bonnet<br>gown                  |
| 10. such  | 19. field<br>mice<br>story<br>stories      | 27. last<br>kind                                       |  |
|   | 20. soon                                   |  |  |

- |   |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|---|
| 37. eyes<br>shoe<br>lost                              | 47. buy<br>kittens<br>mittens<br>straw<br>paw    | 60. sharp<br>teeth   | great<br>dew  |
| 38. queen<br>diamonds<br>been<br>gave                 | 48. ever<br>we've                                | 61. plaster<br>carry<br>rooster  | 70. bonny<br>boat<br>silver<br>a-float<br>sea'                |
| 40. rain<br>want<br>Spain                             | 49. first<br>pie                                 | 62. world<br>might   | 71. golden<br>leaves  |
| 41. every<br>who<br>would                             | 50. fear<br>mee-ow<br>began                      | 63. dame<br>master<br>fiddling<br>she'll<br>Cock-a-<br>doodle<br>while | 72. stay<br>Mary<br>heard                                     |
| 42. our<br>read<br>book<br>Goose<br>picture           | 51. purr-r                                       | 64. rainbow<br>clouds<br>bridge  | 73. chopping<br>stood<br>fairy<br>work                        |
| 43. beggars<br>velvet<br>hark<br>bark<br>rags<br>tags | 52. ginger-<br>bread<br>woman<br>kettle<br>whose | 65. daughter<br>Iris<br>above<br>mountains<br>colors                   | 74. deeper  |
| 44. horn<br>wake<br>haystack<br>chair                 | 53. wish<br>love<br>done<br>dish<br>take         | 66. lift<br>foot<br>shouldn't  | 75. honest<br>or<br>neither                                   |
| 45. blow  | 54. never  | 67. riddle<br>moon   | 77. castle<br>near<br>hundred<br>grew<br>before<br>nor        |
| 46. Pussy<br>answer<br>frightened<br>London           | 56. dark<br>poor                                 | 68. rosy<br>more<br>light  | 78. door<br>kingdom<br>brother<br>forest<br>youngest<br>noise |
|   | 57. half   | 69. twinkle<br>wonder  | 79. oldest  |
|   | 59. rainy<br>rail<br>build<br>leak<br>morning    |  |   |

	far yourself waiting	94.	lady teeny- tiny stair table		wedding cuckoo	122.	Briar
80.	passing second			110.	because angry killed sighing sobbing	123.	feast women wise six gifts forgotten plates
81.	stream	96.	Billy fortune donkey Wee-haw matter	111.	die grave spade show'l toll bull	124.	princess
82.	walnut moss					126.	spindle sixteen brave prince can't
83.	tried	97.	friend				
84.	word dropped	98.	claw				
85.	axes splash	99.	boil	113.	chimney- flue shadow knitting stocking Santa Claus	127.	burn spinning turn narrow whirl
86.	dead hang winter	101.	heap				
		102.	robbers				
87.	merry we'd	103.	rage			128.	sound lawn
88.	feathers flakes thicker	104.	knife noodle	115.	twilight chimes	129.	hedge lay
89.	sleigh roast toast pleasanter short	105.	Robin Redbreast Yule Christmas gray	116.	seem seemed frost	132.	opened smiled best awake
		106.	hawk	118.	kites		
92.	only	108.	Jenny bride	119.	bow trembling	133.	swang pump gate fare cobwebs
93.	glass tar ice	109.	sparrow arrow bow	120.	coat off holding whew		

The following words occurring in the text of this book were given in the phonic drills of the Primer. For this reason, as well as on account of their extreme simplicity, they will require no special drill. The child will recognize them at a glance. This list, together with the preceding Vocabulary, includes all the new words in the First Reader.

fat	fall	fine	cluck
sat	wall	shine	till
bad	got	bit	chill
had	not	fit	still
bag	top	dig	think
rag	drop	fig	fun
tag	long	hid	sun
man	strong	did	cut
Dan	pet	tip	nut
Fan	met	trip	cry
pan	set	king	sky
than	wet	ring	why
hand	fret	wing	told
sand	men	cling	gold
match	wren	spring	cold
scratch	send	pick	wee
tall	bend	slick	thee

## TO THE TEACHER

In the First Reader there are several phonic jingles of the kind found in the Primer. These are to be read by the teacher and sung by the pupils. These jingles and the lists of words which close many of the lessons furnish most appropriate material for phonic drill. In every instance one or more of the words given in these lists has been previously used in sentences and has been made familiar to the pupils as a *whole word*. Such words are used as keywords for analyzing the other words of the lists into their component parts. It is not at all necessary, however, that the pupil should know the meaning of all the words given for purely mechanical drill.

The teacher may wish, on occasion, to review some sound or to teach some needed new sounds. If at all possible, this should always be done when no list of words for phonic drill is provided with the reading lesson. At the close of the book, several lists of drill words are given which may be used whenever the teacher finds it convenient to do so. It is understood that the teacher will expand these lists, as well as those at the end of the reading lessons, by adding, as they are developed from day to day in the regular class work, other words containing the same sound and symbol. For instance, at the end of the reading lesson on page 117, the words, *head*, *dead*, *lead*, and *bread* will be found. When the teacher shows these words to the pupil, she should try to elicit such words as *read*, *dread*, *tread*, *thread*, *spread*, etc., which she will then write on the blackboard. If the children cannot think of such additional words, the teacher, herself, should give them. Thus the method suggested becomes extremely helpful and flexible.

Practically all the words of the Primer are repeated in the First Reader — something not true of many First Readers. About 400 new words are introduced. The vocabulary listed on pages



134, 135, and 136 includes only the words upon which the pupils should be drilled as *whole words*. But there are other words, simple and analogous in form, which require no special drill, and these should not be, and are not, listed with the words that do need such drill.

To illustrate: the words *man*, *Fan*, and *Dan* occur on page 52 as new words in the text. They require no drill; yet, because this is the first time they have appeared in the text, they should be listed somewhere in this book. Such words are to be found on page 137, with other words which the pupils can master at a glance. These lists of analogous words furnish opportunity for the pupils to test their own ability to master words at sight.

Much has been said and written regarding the time and energy that is wasted in drilling pupils upon words that they should be able, and are able, to pronounce at sight. Yet in many First Reader vocabularies we find such words listed with those that require drill. Such an illogical and unpedagogical arrangement has been avoided in this book by the classification mentioned above.

In spite of this precaution, however, the teacher will find in the drill vocabulary, on pages 134, 135, and 136, some words which the pupils can pronounce at sight, and this they should be encouraged to do. Nevertheless, all such words should be taught first as *wholes*, after which they may be used, if desired, as keywords in making new lists for phonic drill.

Up to this point, we have considered only the mechanics of reading. But there is another side of reading of even greater importance; namely, the bringing of the child into that receptive and sympathetic mood without which no real reading can be accomplished. Even where the lesson consists of only a few lines, the teacher, by showing the lesson picture and conversing with the children about it, or by discussing with them the underlying thought of the text, will have no difficulty in arousing the necessary interest.

Many of the lessons in this book lend themselves to simple, but none the less vivid, dramatization. Some of those that are most suitable for dramatic action are indicated in the text. It is hoped that these examples will suggest to the pupils how other lessons may be dramatized without any special preparation, in the sense of rehearsing, and without any special paraphernalia whatever except the articles usually found in the ordinary schoolroom. The pupils should be given frequent opportunities to plan by themselves for such dramatization, precisely as done by the children in the book itself. They should be led gradually to create dialogue and action for themselves, the teacher withdrawing herself more and more into the background.

The children who appear in this First Reader are the same children who made the Primer a connected story. But the interest in them, as they appear in this later book, is in no wise dependent upon a knowledge of the Primer. The experiences and adventures of these five children, binding as they do, the lessons together, give an admirable unity and sequence to the whole.

### LIST OF WORDS FOR PHONIC DRILL

lamp	leg	ten	tent
damp	beg	den	bent
camp	keg	fen	sent
stamp	peg	glen	went
nut	gun	hump	limp
rut	nun	pump	crimp
hut	pun	lump	shrimp
shut	shun	clump	imp
sell	dull	hill	kept
shell	gull	hilly	slept
smell	cull	sill	wept
spell	mull	silly	swept

neck  
necks  
speck  
specks

brick  
bricks  
trick  
tricks

clock  
clocks  
block  
blocks

cluck  
clucks  
duck  
ducks

left  
theft

help  
yelp

lift  
gift

drift  
shift

muff  
stuff

doff  
off

staff  
quaff

miss  
kiss

dress  
dresses

bless  
blesses

cress  
crezses

fuss  
fusses

spade  
grade  
shade  
wade

shape  
grape  
drape  
scrape

cave  
wave  
brave  
grave

late  
gate  
rate  
mate

pale  
tale  
vale  
dale

wake  
shake  
sake  
flake

blaze  
blazes  
gaze  
gazes

vase  
vases  
case  
cases

more  
wore  
fore  
snore

note  
wrote  
dote  
quote

cone  
bone  
tone  
lone

spoke  
broke  
choke  
stroke

soon  
moon  
spoon  
coon

gloom  
gloomy  
room  
roomy

goose  
loose  
moose  
noose

poor  
boor  
moor  
moors

road  
toad  
load  
goad

oak  
soak  
cloak  
croak

plain  
drain  
gain  
grain

paint  
saint  
faint  
quaint

laid	sharp	hard	part
maid	harp	yard	cart
paid	carp	card	dart
lawn	grief	piece	dye
dawn	chief	niece	lye
fawn	thief	nieces	rye
while	kite	fire	five
mile	site	wire	live
smile	spite	tire	dive
pile	sprite	spire	hive
seal	leak	feast	bean
deal	weak	least	mean
steal	peak	beast	clean
peal	speak	yeast	glean
deer	need	feet	deem
queer	seed	meet	seem
seer	steed	sweet	seemed
side	fore	long	hind
beside	before	belong	behind
shout	right	wrong	story
shouting	righted	wronged	stories
sprout	light	prong	lady
sprouting	lighted	pronged	ladies
care	let	but	bit
fare	letter	butter	bitter
bare	bet	cut	lit
stare	better	cutter	litter
battle	kettle	tinkle	whistle
rattle	settle	twinkle	thistle
willow	broken	often	listen
pillow	spoken	soften	glisten





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